

I decided to hate you today.
It didn't work.

Music speaks your name
And sounds and words and
 hand-painted images
Settle before me like a picture book
Where are you?

Where am I?
Nowhere,
Now.

Colors seem smaller, days bare, thoughts
 just a bit more deranged...

Where are you?
I walked over cracks in the sidewalk
I pondered the cracks in my head
 and hands and sides
And decided to hate you
Conjuring up molds and twisted
 representations of your face
Trying to warp your expression
 into evil countenance

It didn't work.

I saw, and I loved
And drank of your green, shady smile

Where are you?
I drag my heels
And set my alarm
And wonder:

- where do you go when the clover is
drenched with rain, when the smells
are so hot you can see the steam
rising from the paper?
- what do you think when you stop at a
red light, or light the candles in
your room, or drive past the steel
bridge?
- have you forgotten? has the outline
of my face become fuzzy? has the pain
dwindled to a tiny prick on your heel?

I decided to bring you back today.
It didn't work.

Kristynn Coolman